

F  
29  
.F9I3



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





THE ILLUSTRATED

*Freyburg*

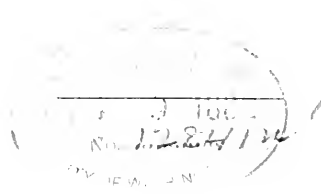
WEBSTER MEMORIAL.



THE ILLUSTRATED

*Fryeburg*

WEBSTER MEMORIAL.



FRYEBURG, ME. :  
A. F. & C. W. LEWIS.  
1882.

THE ILLUSTRATED FRYEBURG

WEBSTER MEMORIAL

contains, besides WEBSTER'S newly discovered Oration, some of his poems and Fryeburg letters; also poems by Longfellow, Whittier, Gov. Lincoln, Prof. Upham, H. Bernard Carpenter, and others (including several specially written for the Memorial), and prose sketches by Webster, Howells, and others, descriptive of Fryeburg's history and scenery.

In either the plain or illustrated edition, the Oration constitutes a brochure of rare interest and beauty.

Published by A. F. & C. W. LEWIS, Fryeburg, Me., to whom all orders should be addressed.

Price of Illustrated Edition, . . . . .	50 cents.
Plain Edition, . . . . .	25 "

Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

---

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1882, BY

C. W. LEWIS,

IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

---

The Original Manuscript of the Oration is now in charge of A. F. Lewis of Fryeburg.

Any one having valuable facts or documents relating to Fryeburg is invited to send them to the Town Historian, Hon. Geo. B. Barrows.



# PREFACE.

---

WE HEREWITH present to the public a newly discovered Fourth of July oration by DANIEL WEBSTER; and we esteem it a happy coincidence, that we are able to give this oration to the world at a time when the commemoration, throughout the country, of this the centennial year of Webster's birth has caused such a renewal of interest in all that pertains to the renowned orator and statesman. In his Autobiography Webster speaks of his Fryeburg oration as unpublished, and, as it had slept in oblivion for eighty years, no one supposed until lately that it had survived the wreck of time. A detailed account of the accidental discovery of the original manuscript of the oration, in the handwriting of its illustrious author, would savor much of the mystery and fascination of romance, but such a narrative would require more space than the limits of a preface would allow. Suffice it to say, that a large mass of Webster's private papers, including the manuscript in question, found its way into an old junk-shop at 252 Federal Street, Boston, and was there rescued from destruction by the proprietor, John Shea, whose keen eye fortunately happened to catch the name of Webster on one of the papers. From Mr. Shea the manuscript passed into the hands of a well-known Boston lawyer, and from the latter came into the possession of its present owner.

It will be remembered, that, at the time of the delivery of this oration, Webster was teaching school at Fryeburg, being principal of the old and famous academy at that place. He was then but twenty years of age, and yet, so profound was the impression which this oration produced upon the minds of the hearers, that the sentiments enunciated were remembered and repeated after the lapse of more than fifty years.\* The late

---

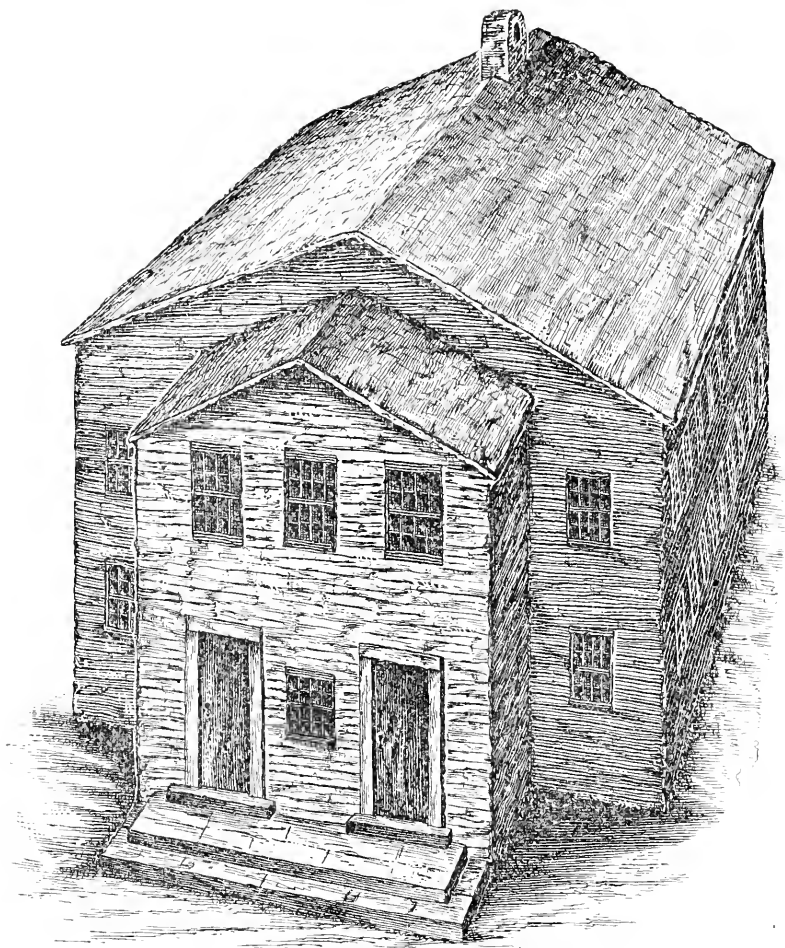
\* See letter of Dr. Thomas P. Hill in Webster's Private Correspondence.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood of Springfield, Mass., with whose father Webster boarded while at Fryeburg, and who heard the oration, said that "it had great merit and was a finished production;" and we doubt not that the reader will coincide with the opinion thus expressed, and that he will find in this early effort the promise of those gigantic intellectual powers which shed such a lustre of renown upon Webster's subsequent career. Indeed, so remarkable a production was the oration regarded at the time by those who heard it, that one enthusiastic farmer ventured the bold remark that Daniel might some day even attain the lofty position of *Governor of New Hampshire!*

Exalted as were the estimates placed upon this effort by Webster's contemporaries, yet the reality far surpasses anything which these estimates would lead us to expect. It is almost incredible that such a production could have emanated from a young man of only twenty years, and it may safely be asserted, that, for beauty of style, profound thought, logical reasoning, and statesmanlike wisdom, the early history of the world's greatest orators may be challenged to produce anything which will bear comparison with this Fryeburg effort. Being a production of the transcendent merit it is, this oration will constitute a substantial addition to the legacy which the colossal intellect of Webster bequeathed to posterity, and his countrymen will gladly give it a place by the side of the efforts of his later years, to be read and studied as long as the American heart shall feel the inspiration of that love of the Constitution and the Union which he did so much to inculcate. In this oration the speaker will be seen to have thus early shown himself a proficient in the treatment of subjects connected with the science of government, and to have already commenced that profound study of the Constitution of his country which afterwards gave him the proud title of its Great Expounder and Defender.

It is a remarkable fact that the last speech made by Webster in the Senate of the United States, July 17, 1850, concluded with the same peroration with which he closed this Fryeburg oration forty-eight years before.





*THE OLD CHURCH IN WHICH THE  
ORATION WAS DELIVERED.  
"Standing in this place, sacred to truth."*





WEBSTER  
IN EARLY MANHOOD.

# ORATION.

---

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—It is at the season when nature hath assumed her loveliest apparel that the American people assemble in their several temples to celebrate the birthday of their nation. Arrayed in all the beauties of the year, the Fourth of July once more visits us. Green fields and a ripening harvest proclaim it, a bright sun cheers it, and the hearts of freemen bid it welcome. Illustrious spectacle! Six millions of people this day surround their altars, and unite in an address to Heaven for the preservation of their rights. Every rank and every age imbibes the general spirit. From the lisping inhabitant of the cradle to the aged warrior whose gray hairs are fast sinking in the western horizon of life, every voice is, this day, tuned to the accents of LIBERTY! WASHINGTON! MY COUNTRY!

Festivals established by the world have been numerous. The coronation of a king, the birth of a prince, the marriage of a princess, have often called wondering crowds together. Cities and nations agree to celebrate the event which raises one mortal man above their heads, and beings called men stand astonished and aghast while the pageantry of a monarch or the jewelled grandeur of a queen poses before them. Such a festival, however, as the Fourth of July is to America, is not found in history; a festival designed for solemn reflection on

the great events that have happened to us; a festival in which freedom receives a nation's homage, and Heaven is greeted with incense from ten thousand hearts.

In the present situation of our country, it is, my respected fellow-citizens, matter of high joy and congratulation that there is one day in the year on which men of different principles and different opinions can associate together. The Fourth of July is not an occasion to compass sea and land to make proselytes. The good sense and the good nature which yet remain among us will, we trust, prevail on this day, and be sufficient to chain, at least for a season, that untamed monster, Party Spirit—and would to God that it might be chained forever, that, as we have but one interest, we might have but one heart and one mind!

You have hitherto, fellow-citizens, on occasions of this kind, been entertained with the discussion of national questions; with inquiries into the true principles of government; with recapitulations of the War; with speculations on the causes of our Revolution, and on its consequences to ourselves and to the world. Leaving these subjects, it shall be the ambition of the speaker of this day to present such a view of your Constitution and your Union as shall convince you that you have nothing to hope from a change.

This age has been correctly denominated an age of experiments. Innovation is the idol of the times. The human mind seems to have burst its ancient limits, and to be travelling over the face of the material and intellectual creation in search of improvement. The world hath become like a fickle lover, in whom every new face inspires a new passion. In this rage for novelty many things are made better, and many things are made worse. Old errors are discarded, and new errors are embraced. Governments feel the same effects from this spirit as every-



thing else. Some, like our own, grow into beauty and excellence, while others sink still deeper into deformity and wretchedness. The experience of all ages will bear us out in saying, that alterations of political systems are always attended with a greater or less degree of danger. They ought, therefore, never to be undertaken, unless the evil complained of be really felt and the prospect of a remedy clearly seen. The politician that undertakes to improve a Constitution with as little thought as a farmer sets about mending his plow, is no master of his trade. If that Constitution be a systematic one, if it be a free one, its parts are so necessarily connected that an alteration in one will work an alteration in all; and this cobbler, however pure and honest his intentions, will, in the end, find that what came to his hands a fair and lovely fabric goes from them a miserable piece of patchwork.

Nor are great and striking alterations alone to be shunned. A succession of small changes, a perpetual tampering with minute parts, steal away the breath though they leave the body; for it is true that a government may lose all its real character, its genius and its temper, without losing its appearance. You may have a despotism under the name of a republic. You may look on a government and see it possess all the external essential modes of freedom, and yet see nothing of the essence, the vitality, of freedom in it: just as you may behold Washington or Franklin in wax-work; the form is perfect, but the spirit, the life, is not there.

The first thing to be said in favor of our system of government is that it is truly and genuinely *free*, and the man has a base and slavish heart that will call any government good that is *not free*. If there be, at this day, any advocate for arbitrary power, we wish him the happiness of living under a government of his choice. If he is in love with chains, we would not

deny him the gratification of his passion. Despotism is the point where everything bad centres, and from which everything good departs. As far as a government is distant from this point, so far it is good; in proportion as it approaches towards this, in the same proportion it is detestable. In all other forms there is something tolerable to be found; in despotism there is nothing. Other systems have some amiable features, some right principles, mingled with their errors; despotism is all error. It is a dark and cheerless void, over which the eye wanders in vain in search of anything lovely or attractive.

The true definition of despotism is government without law. It may exist, therefore, in the hands of many as well as of one. Rebellions are despotisms; factions are despotisms; loose democracies are despotisms. These are a thousand times more dreadful than the concentration of all power in the hands of a single tyrant. The despotism of one man is like the thunderbolt, which falls here and there, scorching and consuming the individual on whom it lights; but popular commotion, the despotism of a mob, is an earthquake, which in one moment swallows up everything. It is the excellence of our government that it is placed in a proper medium between these two extremes, that it is equally distant from mobs and from thrones.

In the next place our government is good because it is *practical*. It is not the sick offspring of closet philosophy. It did not rise, vaporous and evanescent, from the brains of Rousseau and Godwin, like a mist from the ocean. It is the production of men of business, of experience, and of wisdom. It is suited to what man is, and what it is in the power of good laws to make him. Its object—the just object of all governments—is to secure and protect the weak against the strong, to unite the force of the whole community against the violence of oppressors. Its power is the power of the nation; its will is the will

of the people. It is not an awkward, unshapely machine which the people cannot use when they have made it, nor is it so dark and complicated that it is the labor of one's life to investigate and understand it. All are capable of comprehending its principles and its operations. It admits, too, of a change of men and of measures. At the will of a majority, we have seen the government of the nation pass from the hands of one description of men into those of another. Of the comparative merits of those different men, of their honesty, their talents, their patriotism, we have here nothing to say. That subject we leave to be decided before the impartial tribunal of posterity. The fact of a change of rulers, however, proves that the government is manageable, that it can in all cases be made to comply with the public will. It is, too, an *equal* government. It rejects principalities and powers. It demolishes all the artificial distinctions which pride and ambition create. It is encumbered with no lazy load of hereditary aristocracy. It clothes no one with the attributes of God; it sinks no one to a level with brutes: yet it admits those distinctions in society which are natural and necessary. The correct expression of our Bill of Rights is that men are *born equal*. It then rests with themselves to maintain their equality by their worth. The illustrious framers of our system, in all the sternness of republicanism, rejected all *nobility* but the nobility of talents, all *majority* but the majority of virtue.

Lastly, the government is one of our choice; not dictated to us by an imperious Chief Consul, like the governments of Holland and Switzerland: not taught us by the philosophers, nor graciously brought to us on the bayonets of our magnanimous sister republic on the other side the ocean. It was framed by our fathers for themselves and for their children. Far the greater portion of mankind submit to usurped authority, and

pay humble obedience to self-created law-givers; not that obedience of the heart which a good citizen will yield to good laws, but the obedience which a harnessed horse pays his driver, an obedience begotten by correction and stripes.

The American Constitution is the purchase of American valor. It is the rich prize that rewards the toil of eight years of war and of blood: and what is all the pomp of military glory, what are victories, what are armies subdued, fleets captured, colors taken, unless they end in the establishment of wise laws and national happiness? Our Revolution is not more renowned for the brilliancy of its scenes than for the benefit of its consequences. The Constitution is the great memorial of the deeds of our ancestors. On the pillars and on the arches of that dome their names are written and their achievements recorded. While that lasts, while a single page or a single article can be found, it will carry down the record to future ages. It will teach mankind that glory, empty, tinkling glory, was not the object for which Americans fought. Great Britain had carried the fame of her arms far and wide. She had humbled France and Spain; she had reached her arm across the Eastern Continent, and given laws on the banks of the Ganges. A few scattered colonists did not rise up to contend with such a nation for mere renown. They had a nobler object, and in pursuit of that object they manifested a courage, constancy, and union, that deserve to be celebrated by poets and historians while language lasts.

The valor of America was not a transient, glimmering ray shot forth from the impulse of momentary resentment. Against unjust and arbitrary laws she rose with determined, unalterable spirit. Like the rising sun, clouds and mists hung around her, but her course, like his, brightened as she proceeded. Valor, however, displayed in combat, is a less remarkable trait in the

character of our countrymen than the wisdom manifested when the combat was over. All countries and all ages produce warriors, but rare are the instances in which men sit down coolly at the close of their labors to enjoy the fruits of them. Having destroyed one despotism, nations generally create another; having rejected the dominion of one tyrant, they make another for themselves. England beheaded her Charles, but crowned her Cromwell. France guillotined her Louises, but obeys her Bonapartes. Thanks to God, neither foreign nor domestic usurpation flourishes on our soil!

Having thus, fellow-citizens, surveyed the principal features of our excellent Constitution and paid an inadequate tribute to the wisdom which produced it, let us consider seriously the means of its preservation. To perpetuate the government we must cherish the love of it. One chief pillar in the republican fabric is the spirit of patriotism. But patriotism hath, in these days, become a good deal questionable. It hath been so often counterfeited that even the genuine coin doth not pass without suspicion. If one proclaims himself a patriot, this uncharitable, misjudging world is pretty likely to set him down for a knave, and it is pretty likely to be right in this opinion. The rage for being patriots hath really so much of the ridiculous in it that it is difficult to treat it seriously. The preaching of politics hath become a trade, and there are many who leave all other trades to follow it. Benevolent, disinterested men! With Scriptural devotion they forsake houses and lands, father and mother, wife and children, and wander up and down the community to teach mankind that their rulers oppress them! About the time when it was fashionable in France to cut off men's heads, as we lop away superfluous sprouts from our apple-trees, the public attention was excited by a certain monkey, that had been taught to act the part of a patriot to

great perfection. If you pointed at him, says the historian, and called him an aristocrat or a monarchist, he would fly at you with great rage and violence; but, if you would do him the justice to call him a good patriot, he manifested every mark of joy and satisfaction. But, though the whole French nation gazed at this animal as a miracle, he was, after all, no very strange sight. There are, in all countries, a great many monkeys who wish to be thought patriots, and a great many others who believe them such. But, because we are often deceived by appearances, let us not believe that the reality does not exist. If our faith is ever shaken, if the crowd of hypocritical demagogues lead us to doubt, we will remember Washington and be convinced; we will cast our eyes around us, on those who have toiled and fought and bled for their country, and we will be persuaded that there is such a thing as real patriotism, and that it is one of the purest and noblest sentiments that can warm the heart of man.

To preserve the government we must also preserve a correct and energetic tone of morals. After all that can be said, the truth is that liberty consists more in the habits of the people than in anything else. When the public mind becomes vitiated and depraved, every attempt to preserve it is vain. Laws are then a nullity, and Constitutions waste paper. There are always men wicked enough to go any length in the pursuit of power, if they can find others wicked enough to support them. They regard not paper and parchment. Can you stop the progress of a usurper by opposing to him the laws of his country? then you may check the careering winds or stay the lightning with a song. No. Ambitious men must be restrained by the public morality: when they rise up to do evil, they must find themselves standing alone. Morality rests on religion. If you destroy the foundation, the superstructure must fall. In

a world of error, of temptation, of seduction; in a world where crimes often triumph, and virtue is scourged with scorpions,—in such a world, certainly, the hope of an hereafter is necessary to cheer and to animate. Leave us, then, the consolations of religion. Leave to man, to frail and feeble man, the comfort of knowing, that, when he gratifies his immortal soul with deeds of justice, of kindness, and of mercy, he is rescuing his happiness from final dissolution and laying it up in Heaven.

Our duty as citizens is not a solitary one. It is connected with all the duties that belong to us as men. The civil, the social, the Christian virtues are requisite to render us worthy the continuation of that government which is the freest on earth. Yes, though the world should hear me, though I could fancy myself standing in the congregation of all nations, I would say: Americans, you are the most privileged people that the sun shines on. The salutary influences of your climate are inferior to the salutary influences of your laws. Your soil, rich to a proverb, is less rich than your Constitution. Your rivers, large as the oceans of the old world, are less copious than the streams of social happiness which flow around you. Your air is not purer than your civil liberty, and your hills, though high as heaven and deep as the foundations of the earth, are less exalted and less firmly founded than that benign and everlasting religion which blesses you and shall bless your offspring. Amidst these profuse blessings of nature and of Providence, **BEWARE!** Standing in this place, sacred to truth, I dare not undertake to assure you that your liberties and your happiness may not be lost. Men are subject to men's misfortunes. If an angel should be winged from Heaven, on an errand of mercy to our country, the first accents that would glow on his lips would be, Beware! be cautious! you have

everything to lose ; you have nothing to gain. We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government, once gone, might leave a void, to be filled, for ages, with revolution and tumult, riot and despotism. The history of the world is before us. It rises like an immense column, on which we may see inscribed the soundest maxims of political experience. These maxims should be treasured in our memories and written on our hearts. Man, in all countries, resembles man. Wherever you find him, you find human nature in him and human frailties about him. He is, therefore, a proper pupil for the school of experience. He should draw wisdom from the example of others,—encouragement from their success, caution from their misfortunes. Nations should diligently keep their eye on the nations that have gone before them. They should mark and avoid their errors, not travel on heedlessly in the path of danger and of death while the bones of their perished predecessors whiten around them. Our own times afford us lessons that admonish us both of our duty and our danger. We have seen mighty nations, miserable in their chains, more miserable when they attempted to shake them off. Tortured and distracted beneath the lash of servitude, we have seen them rise up in indignation to assert the rights of human nature ; but, deceived by hypocrites, cajoled by demagogues, ruined by false patriots, overpowered by a resistless mixed multitude of knaves and fools, we have wept at the wretched end of all their labors. Tossed for ten years in the crazy dreams of revolutionary liberty, we have seen them at last awake, and, like the slave who slumbers on his oar and dreams of the happiness of his own blessed home, they awake to find



themselves still in bondage. Let it not be thought that we advert to other nations to triumph in their sufferings or mock at their calamities. Would to God the whole earth enjoyed pure and rational liberty, that every realm that the human eye surveys or the human foot treads, were free! Wherever men soberly and prudently engage in the pursuit of this object, our prayers in their behalf shall ascend unto the Heavens and unto the ear of Him who filleth them. Be they powerful or be they weak, in such a cause they deserve success. Yes, "The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man." Our purpose is only to draw lessons of prudence from the imprudence of others, to argue the necessity of virtue from the consequences of their vices.

Unhappy Europe! the judgment of God rests hard upon thee. Thy sufferings would deserve an angel's pity, if an angel's tears could wash away thy crimes! The Eastern Continent seems trembling on the brink of some great catastrophe. Convulsions shake and terrors alarm it. Ancient systems are falling; works reared by ages are crumbling into atoms. Let us humbly implore Heaven that the wide-spreading desolation may never reach the shores of our native land, but let us devoutly make up our minds to do our duty in events that may happen to us. Let us cherish genuine patriotism. In that, there is a sort of inspiration that gives strength and energy almost more than human. When the mind is attached to a great object, it grows to the magnitude of its undertaking. A true patriot, with his eye and his heart on the honor and happiness of his country, hath an elevation of soul that lifts him above the rank of ordinary men. To common occurrences he is indifferent. Personal considerations dwindle into nothing, in comparison with his high sense of public duty. In all the

vicissitudes of fortune, he leans with pleasure on the protection of Providence and on the dignity and composure of his own mind. While his country enjoys peace, he rejoices and is thankful; and, if it be in the counsel of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, his bosom proudly swells against the rage that assaults it. Above fear, above danger, he feels that *the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he falls in defence of the laws and liberties of his country.*



## WEBSTER'S FRYEBURG LETTERS.

Several of the letters written by Webster while at Fryeburg have been preserved, and we have the pleasure of laying the more interesting of them before our readers; also two letters which he afterwards wrote to friends at Fryeburg. For vivacity of style and sparkling humor these letters are notable specimens of epistolary correspondence. They are all highly characteristic of their author, and, in connection with the foregoing oration, present a picture both of his studied and unstudied style of literary composition.

The following letter was to his life-long friend, Col. Samuel A. Bradley:—

FRYEBURG, March 3, 1802.

MY FRIEND,—This is one of those happy mornings when “Spring looks from the lucid chambers of the south.” Though we have snow in abundance, yet the air is charmingly serene, and Pequawket puts on more pleasantness than I have before seen it clad in. If I had an engagement of love, I should certainly arrange my thoughts of this morning for a romantic epistle. How fine it would be to point out a resemblance between the clear lustre of the sun and a pair of bright eyes! The snow, too, instead of embarrassing, would much assist me. What fitter emblem of virgin purity? A pair of pigeons that enjoy the morning on the ridge of the barn might be easily transformed into turtle-doves breathing reciprocal vows. How shall I resist this temptation to be a little romantic and poetical? “Loves” and “doves” this moment chime in my fancy, in spite of me. “Sparkling eyes” and “mournful sighs,” “constancy of soul,” “like needle to the pole,” and a whole retinue of poetic and languishing expressions are now ready to pour from my pen. What a pity that all this inspiration should be lost for want of an object! But so it is. Nobody will hear my pretty ditties, unless, forsooth I should turn gravely about and declaim them to the maid who is setting the table for breakfast; but what an indelicate idea! a *maid* to be the subject of a ballad? ’twere blasphemy. Apollo would never forgive me. Well, then, I will turn about, and drink down all my poetry with my coffee. “Yes, ma’am, I will come to breakfast.”

I wish, my good friend, I could think of some good thing to tell you, but Pigwacket does not abound in extraordinary occurrences. The topic of this day’s conversation is an intended ride this afternoon to Conway. I think the misses enjoy it finely in prospect, and no doubt the retrospect will be equally pleasant. To me, however, (*ut ad me revertor*) such things are most charming while future, and it is my object, therefore, to keep them future as much as possible.

Mr. Fessenden’s mother is dead. She departed to the bourn whence “no traveller returns,” about a week ago. With bright prospect of future felicity, she attended the summons without a murmur,

and, full of years, sunk to repose on the bosom of her Maker. Mr. Fessenden's family have been extremely ill, and his lady continues so yet. He has not yet returned from his attendance of the Legislature.

Our friends Dana and McGaw are gone to Haverhill court, and I have quite a lonely week. 'Twould be a pleasure to call at Harry's house and take a cup of coffee with my friend Samuel, but he is not there; yet this shall tell him that he is remembered with much tenderness and esteem by his

S. B., Esq.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WEBSTER TO HABIJAH W. FULLER.

FRYEBURG, February 26, 1802.

Once more to prattle on her darling theme,  
 Once more to wake the soft, mellifluous stream  
 That brings us all our blessings as it flows,  
 Whose currents friendship's golden ore disclose,  
     The Muse essays her little skill;  
     And, though her lightsome lay  
     No master's hand display,  
 Though loose her lyre and wild her song,  
 Though seraph fire tip not her tongue,  
 The friend—oh, such a friend!—will hear her still.  
 O Memory! thou Protean friend or foe,  
 Parent of half our joy and half our woe,  
 Thou dost the rapture which I feel, impart,  
 And thou the griefs that press around my heart.  
     Thine is a motley train:  
     Despondence there is seen,  
     And Sorrow, pale-faced queen;  
 And Gladness there, with merry face  
 That ne'er did wear a sad grimace,  
 And buxom Pleasure sporting o'er the plain.  
 Next moment lo! appears  
 Some plenteous cause of tears,  
 Some pleasure fled, (for pleasure flies),  
 Or Symonds sped beyond the skies,  
 And memory cancels all the good she grants—

but, if I poetize further upon *Memory*, I shall not have room to tell you half what I wish; so, sweet Miss Muse, we will dismiss you.

Friend Shattuck may have told you that I am here. 'Tis true, Habijah, contrary to all my expectations I am here. I cannot now address you as a brother student-in-law; I am neither more nor less than a school-master, and, as such, you will not, perhaps, feel yourself much flattered to hear from me. You will naturally enough inquire what circumstances have induced me to relinquish the law. I will answer all your questions when I see you next. Till then be satisfied

with this, that I thought it best. Six weeks I have been on this ground ; in about five or six months, it is not improbable, I shall leave it. Which way my next motion shall be, it is not to be told or known.

I have been writing some poetry. I shall not inform you what I have written, but, from the accompanying inimitable apostrophe to *Memory*, you will judge of the quality of all I have written.

You will possibly wish to ask how many misses there are here. I do not precisely know. I forgot to bring a stick to cut a notch, like the Indian, for every one I see ; but I have heard no complaint of scarcity. There is one who is amiable, and who has this moment passed by this table. 'Tis her opinion, it seems, that "Mr. Webster is a very bashful man." He will never give her reason to think otherwise ! But these things are all vanity. I was last at Concord in September or October. I can tell nothing about your friends there. Our visit in June is blown over, but you must go without me ; you will have a better visit.

If it will not be burdensome, pray write me a word, I mean a good many words, by Esquire Dana. I want to hear a good deal about old Han. Pray be particular and long in your account of that place. Whatever you can make acceptable to your family, whether love, respect, or compliments, pray give them from me. Brother Shattuck is entitled to a high place in my memory, and tell him he possesses it. I cannot tell when I may see you, but, if I live and have health, I shall expect to dart an eye upon the I. C. School as soon as next Commencement, surely and without fail.

D. WEBSTER.

How are your parents, your sisters, your friends ? In short, how is everything ; and, above all, are you the newsboys' message-maker ? Who is Bum ? Do answer all these things, and oblige

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

Mr. Dana is the only neighbor I can call on with great pleasure and little ceremony. He is quite good and civil. I have exalted ideas of his lady ; I can say, with Shakesphere, that she is one who "paragons description and wild fame."

---

WEBSTER, TO THOMAS A. MERRILL.

---

FRYEBURG, June 7, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have frequently taken up my pen to write to you since I arrived here, and have as often laid it down again without executing my purpose. The truth is, I was willing to write you something a little better than my correspondents generally have the fortune to receive. But, after all, I am commencing in my old way, resolved not to delay till chance might inspire me with an idea worth your reading, lest you should suppose me backward in entering into a correspondence which I contemplate with pleasure. You must, therefore, console yourself with reflecting that correspondence

is a kind of commerce, where the greatest gain per cent. uniformly attaches to the greatest capital, and that there is as much to be learned in writing a good letter as in reading one. Besides, you will remember that I am in Pequawket, a most savage name and, you will therefore suppose, a most savage country. Whenever, therefore, I am dull and blundering, you must not charge the fault upon me, but upon Pequawket; thus I shall shift much responsibility from my own shoulders. I will, if you please, devote this to giving you some little account of my situation, business, amusements, and so forth; and beg of you a description of yours. Whatever relates to my school you can guess in the general, and particulars cannot be interesting. This village is new, but growing, already much crowded with merchants, doctors, and lawyers. There are here a good number of men of information and conversable manners whom I visit without ceremony, and chat with as I should with you and Bingham. Among these are Mr. Dana, whom you know, and Mr. McGaw, who boards and lodges with me.

Fame has told me—though she is said to be a notorious liar—that you are a finished gallant; it will be natural, therefore, for you to inquire about the number and beauty of our misses. In point of beauty, I do not feel competent to decide. I cannot calculate the precise value of a dimple, or estimate the charms of an eyebrow, yet I see nothing repulsive in the appearance of Maine misses. When Mr. McGaw told me he would introduce me to the Pequawket constellation, it sounded so odd that I could not tell whether he was going to show me *Virgo*, or *Ursa Major*; yet I had charity to put it down for the former, and have found no reason to alter my decision. Being a pedagogue and having many of the ladies in school, I cannot set out in a bold progress of gallantry, though I now and then make one of them my best bows and say a few things *piano*, as the musicians have it.

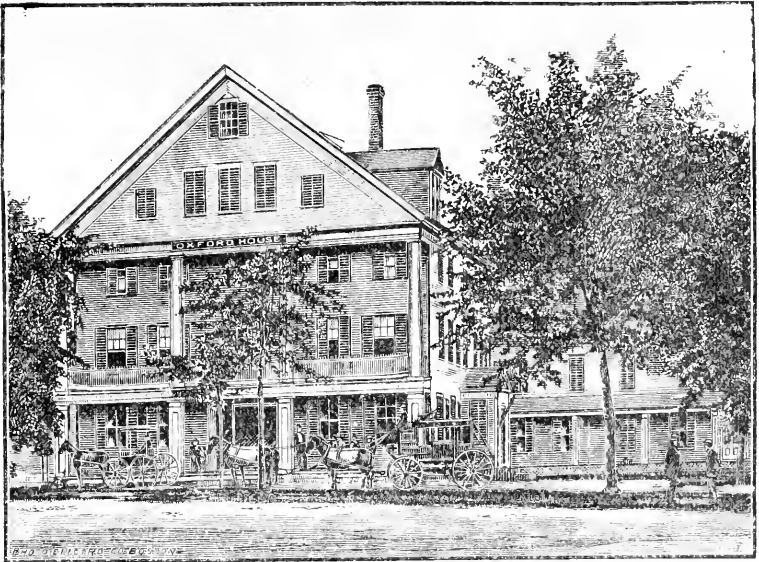
When I go into the study of a friend, I look about and inquire for the books he is reading; to save you that trouble, I will tell you my reading at present. I think it may be advantageous to communicate mutually an account of our studies, and reciprocate any new ideas that are worth it. I am now upon Williams' Vermont, which I never read before. 'Tis my object to investigate some facts relating to the political history of the United States. I have been perusing, as an amusement, the "Pursuits of Literature," the book which has excited so much curiosity among the learned, and called down so much condemnation of democracy. I am not certain you ever read it, because I do not recollect having seen it at Hanover. I think it well worth a reading. The scantiness of the poem itself and the abundance of notes bring to my memory Sheridan's elegant metaphor of "a neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin."

Report has just reached me that the marshal of N. H. is removed. I confess I did not much expect it, but these are Jefferson's doings, and they are "marvellous in our eyes."

Adieu, my good friend.

D. WEBSTER.





THE OXFORD HOUSE, WEBSTER'S FRYEBURG HOME.



P. S. I congratulate the people of Hanover on the election of their anniversary orator, and wish him better success than some of his predecessors.

*Wednesday Morning, June 9.* Since I wrote the within, which I had intended for the mail, Messrs. Hall and Whitmore have called on me. I am quite sure you did not know of the opportunity of sending me by them. They tell me that politics stand 120 to 14. Good! good! the sun is everywhere rising. The waning orb of Democracy must soon be eclipsed. The penumbra begins to come on already. Pray put a line in the next mail for one who is much your friend.

D. W.

---

#### EXTRACT FROM WEBSTER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

---

Being graduated in August, 1801, I immediately entered Mr. Thompson's office in Salisbury, next door to my father's house, to study the law. There I remained till January following, viz., January, 1802. The necessity of the case required that I should then go somewhere and gain a little money. I was written to, luckily, to go to Fryeburg, Maine, to keep school. I accepted the offer, traversed the country on horseback, and commenced my labors. I was to be paid at the rate of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum. This was no small thing, for I compared it, not with what might be before me, but what was actually behind me. It was better, certainly, than following the plough. But let me say something in favor of my own industry—not to make a merit of it, for necessity sometimes makes the most idle industrious. It so happened that I boarded, at Fryeburg, with the gentleman, James Osgood, Esq., who was Register of Deeds of the then newly created County of Oxford. He was not *clerical* in and of himself, and his registration was to be done by deputy. The fee for recording, at full length, a common deed, in a large, fair hand, and with the care requisite to avoid errors, was *two shillings and threepence*. Mr. Osgood proposed to me that I should do this writing, and that, of the two shillings and threepence for each deed, I should have one shilling and sixpence, and he should have the remaining ninepence. I greedily seized on so tempting an offer, and set to work. Of a long winter's evening I could copy two deeds, and that was half a dollar. Four evenings in a week earned two dollars, and two dollars a week paid my board. This appeared to me to be a very thriving condition, for my three hundred and fifty dollars, salary as a school-master was thus going on without abatement or deduction for *vivres*. I hope yet to have an opportunity to see, once more, the first volume of the Record of Deeds for the County of Oxford. It is now near thirty years since I copied into it the last "witness my hand and seal," and I have not seen even its outside

since; but the ache is not yet out of my fingers, for nothing has ever been so laborious to me as writing, when under the necessity of writing a good hand.

In May of this year (1802), having a week's vacation, I took my quarter's salary, mounted a horse, went straight over all the hills to Hanover, and had the pleasure of putting these the first earnings of my life into my brother's hands for his college expenses. Having enjoyed this sincere and high pleasure, I hied me back again to my school and my copying of deeds. I stayed in Fryeburg only till September. My brother then came to see me: we made a journey together to the lower part of Maine, and returned to Salisbury. I resumed my place in Mr. Thompson's office, and he went back to college.

---

The following letter was written to Amos J. Cook, an intimate college friend of Webster's. Mr. Cook was Webster's successor as principal of Fryeburg Academy, and remained in that position more than thirty years:—

SALISBURY, N. H., January 14, 1803.

Well, brother Cook, is it not time that you and I should interchange a word by letter? Indeed, I thought it quite time some while ago, and bore on my mind a fresh impression of the promise you made me to write, but as yet no letters have arrived; but perhaps it is owing to miscarriage of mail. Lackaday! since these *Jacobin* postmasters have crept into office one cannot for the soul of him get a letter—that was never written. But I will pardon you; your entire devotion to business would render you pardonable, if you should neglect to write even to your sweetheart.

Don't you suppose now that I must be a little envious of the lustre of your *pedagogical* fame? A priest's word may surely be relied on—but your philosophy would hate to hear a compliment. It has been twice in the way of business for me to be at Hanover since I saw you. Everybody I saw, and some of the ladies particularly, inquired about Mr. Cook—but here again I shall wound your philosophy.

Our college friends were in fine mood, triumphant over their enemies. Bingham, that good soul, whose spirit is as harmonious as his music, galloped on to the old plain with me, and he spent a day among the folks. One of your female acquaintances is gone, fairly gone I understand, into the land of love and courtship. I do not now tell you who it is, nor who is become proprietor of the premises, for certain reasons.

The Authority were, in November, very much, probably, as you left them in August. I could not see any diminution in the *length of noses* or in the volubility of lip-licking tongues. Professor Woodward has been entirely out of health, as Zeke tells me, all the fall, and Doctor Smith has sold his house, with an intention of fixing his home in Windsor. I am not informed what profession you determine to study, but, if it be law, permit me to tell

you a little what you must expect. My experience in the study is, indeed, short, but I have learned a little about it. First, then, you must bid adieu to all hopes of meeting with a single author who pretends to elegance of style or sweetness of observation. The language of the law is dry, hard, and stubborn, as an old maid. Wounded Latin bleeds through every page, and, if Tully and Virgil could rise from their graves, they would soon be at fisticuffs with Coke, Hale, and Blackstone for massacring their language. As to the practice, I believe it is a settled matter that the business of an office is conducted with the very refuse and remnant of mankind. However, I will not too far abuse my own profession. It is sometimes lucrative, and, if one can keep up an acquaintance with general literature in the meantime, the law may help to invigorate and unfold the powers of the mind.

By this time you are quite tired of this conversation. Well, my friend, then go away and relieve your worry by chatting with the fair ones, after which, if you please, sacrifice a moment to the unrewarded trouble of writing a letter to your humble servant,

A. J. COOK.

D. WEBSTER.

The Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Academy, which was commemorated with appropriate exercises in 1842, called forth the following letter from Mr. Webster, who ever took a deep interest in the institution, it being the scene of his first labors after leaving college:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25, 1842.

TO CARLTON HURD, AMOS RICHARDSON, ASA CHARLES:—

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th of this month. When twenty years old, I found myself, at the suggestion of a valued friend, now of long standing, in your pleasant village, engaged in an attempt at instructing youth. I was there, I think, about nine months, and, however successful or unsuccessful I may have been in teaching others, it was not lost time in regard to my own progress. I found in Fryeburg, even at that early day, most of the elements of a happy New England village which Dr. Belknap has described; a learned, amiable, and excellent minister of the Gospel, a pattern of devout feeling, and affectionate intercourse with his people, seeking always to strengthen the persuasions of the pulpit by the influence of his own example, and thus

“Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way;”

educated and respectable gentlemen of the other professions, one of them near enough to my own age for daily companionship, never to be forgotten, and engaged in that pursuit of life to which I have since been devoted; a small but well selected library, with which I cultivated a useful acquaintance; and a general circle of friendly and agreeable acquaintances. To the recollection of such things and

such scenes it is impossible to revert without feelings both of gratitude and pleasure. Long may your institution flourish in usefulness, and long may health and peace, prosperity and happiness, be the lot of the village!

To all who may remember me I pray you to give my cordial salutations, and, if there be among you any of those who sought to learn Latin or Greek, or to read or cipher, under my veteran tuition, please say to them that I trust their children have had better instruction than their fathers.

I am, gentlemen, with regard,  
Yours, &c.,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

## WASHINGTON.

A POEM BY WEBSTER, WRITTEN WHILE IN COLLEGE.

Ah! Washington, thou once didst guide the helm  
And point each danger to our infant realm,  
Didst shew the gulf where faction's tempests sweep  
And the big thunders frolic o'er the deep  
Through the red wave didst lead our bark, nor stood,  
Like ancient Moses, the other side the flood.  
But thou art gone,—yes, gone, and we deplore  
The man, the Washington, we knew before.  
But, when thy spirit mounted to the sky,  
And scarce beneath thee left a tearless eye,  
Tell what Elisha then thy mantle caught,  
Warmed with thy virtue, with thy wisdom fraught.  
Say, was it Adams? was it he, who bare  
His country's toils, nor knew a separate care,  
Whose bosom heaved indignant as he saw  
Columbia groan beneath oppression's law,  
Who stood and spurned corruption at his feet,  
Firm as "the rock on which the storm shall beat?"  
Or was it he whose votaries now disclaim  
Thy godlike deeds, and sully all thy fame?  
Spirit of Washington! oh! grant reply,  
And let thy country know thee from the sky!  
Break through the clouds, and be thine accents heard,  
Accents that oft midst war's rude onset cheered.  
Thy voice shall hush again our mad alarms,  
Lull monster faction with thy potent charms,  
And grant to him, whoe'er ascends thy seat,  
Worth half like thine, and virtues half as great

FEBRUARY 21, 1801.

## MRS. WEBSTER TO MR. WEBSTER.

SATURDAY MORNING, Jan. 22, 1825.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—I was sitting alone in my chamber reflecting on the brief life of our sainted little boy, when your letter came, enclosing those lines of yours, which to a “mother’s eye” are precious. O my husband, have not some of our brightest hopes perished! “Our fairest flowers are, indeed, blossoms gathered for the tomb.” But do not, my dear husband, do not let these afflictions weigh too heavily upon you: those dear children, who had such strong holds on us while here, now allure us to Heaven.

“On us with looks of love they bend,  
For us the Lord of life implore,  
And oft from sainted bliss descend,  
Our wounded spirits to restore.”

Farewell, my beloved husband. I have not time to write more, only to say I regret you have lost the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor’s society, which you so much need. I fear Mrs. Dwight is not much benefited by her voyage, so the last accounts appear; though at first they thought her better.

The children are tolerably well, though not free from colds.

Your ever affectionate

G. W.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON CHARLES, BY MR. WEBSTER.

My son, thou wast my heart’s delight,  
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;  
That morn has rushed to sudden night,  
Thy father’s house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,  
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;  
But, ah! thy little day is done,  
Thou’rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years should lean,  
Is broken, ere those years come o’er me;  
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,  
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear’st to me no filial stone,  
No parent’s grave with tears behidest;  
Thou art my ancestor, my son,  
And stand’st in Heaven’s account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,  
Thy generation after mine;  
Thou hast thy predecessor passed,  
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes  
 The road to Heaven, and shown it clear ;  
 But thou untaught springs't to the skies,  
 And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,  
 And hasten to partake thy bliss ;  
 And, oh ! to thy world welcome me,  
 As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in Heaven ;  
 No prayers for thee need more be made ;  
 Oh ! let thy prayers for those be given  
 Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father, I beheld thee born,  
 And led thy tottering steps with care ;  
 Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,  
 My son, my father, guide me there.

---

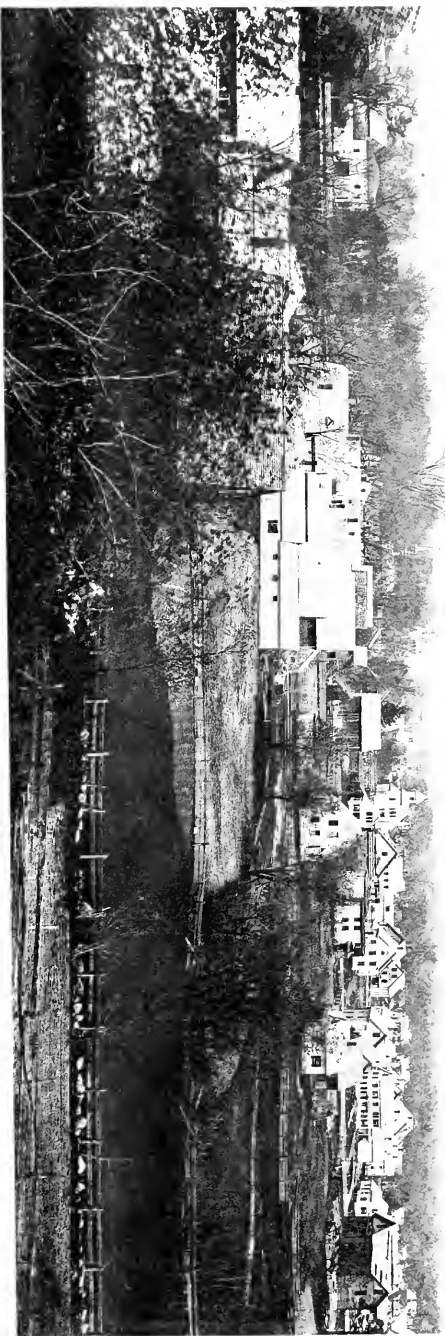
### A PEN-PICTURE OF FRYEBURG.

FROM "A MODERN INSTANCE," BY W. D. HOWELLS.

---

The village stood on a wide plain, and around it rose the mountains. They were green to their tops in summer, and in winter white through their serried pines and drifting mists ; but at every season serious and beautiful, furrowed with hollow shadows, and taking the light on masses and stretches of iron-gray crag. The river swam through the plain in long curves, and slipped away at last through an unseen pass to the southward, tracing a score of miles in its course over a space that measured but three or four. The plain was very fertile, and its features, if few and of purely utilitarian beauty, had a rich luxuriance, and there was a tropical riot of vegetation when the sun of July beat on those northern fields. They waved with corn and oats to the feet of the mountains, and the potatoes covered a vast acreage with the lines of their intense, coarse green. The meadows were deep with English grass to the banks of the river, that, doubling and returning upon itself, still marked its way with a dense fringe of alders and white-birches.

Behind the black boles of the elms that swept the vista of the street with the fine gray tracery of their boughs, stood the houses, deep-sunken in the accumulating drifts, through which each householder kept a path cut from his doorway to the road, white and clean as if hewn out of marble. Some cross-streets straggled away east and west with the poorer dwellings ; but this, that followed the northward and southward reach of the plain, was the main thoroughfare, and had



FRYEBURG VILLAGE.  
FROM PROSPECT HIGHLANDS.





its own impressiveness, with those square white houses which they build so large in northern New England. They were all kept in scrupulous repair, though here and there the frost and thaw of many winters had heaved a fence out of plumb, and threatened the poise of the monumental urns of painted pine on gate-posts. They had dark-green blinds, of a color harmonious with that of the funereal evergreens in their door-yards; and they themselves had taken the tone of the snowy landscape, as if by the operation of some such law as blanches the fur-bearing animals of the North. They seemed proper to its desolation, while some houses of more modern taste, painted to a warmer tone, looked, with their mansard roofs and jig-sawed piazzas and balconies, intrusive and alien.

At one end of the street stood the Academy, with its classic façade and its belfry; midway was the hotel, with the stores, the printing office and the churches; and, at the other extreme, one of the square white mansions stood advanced from the rank of the rest, at the top of a deep-plunging valley, defining itself against the mountain beyond so sharply that it seemed as if cut out of its dark-wooded side. It was from the gate before this house, distinct in the pink light which the sunset had left, that, on a Saturday evening in February, a cutter, gay with red-lined robes, dashed away, and came musically dashing down the street under the naked elms.

GEORGE BARSTOW, in his *History of New Hampshire*, thus describes the locality of Lovewell's Fight and the present aspect of the beautiful valley in which Fryeburg is situate:—

“The waters of the pond are encircled by a wide, sandy beach, which rises with a gentle slope; and is bordered with a growth of pines, which surround it like a belt. Loon Island rises like a green speck near the centre, and, at a little distance from this, is Pine Island, crowned with trees. The Saco sweeps within twenty rods of the pond, as if coming to receive the waters which flow into it, through a narrow channel. The village of Fryeburg stands on a level plain, elevated a few feet above the broad intervals of the Saco. In the midst of this plain rises a stupendous rock 200 feet high, its top capped with small pines, its sides clad in dark-brown moss. When standing under its cliffs, man appears to be an insignificant object. It rises, like an observatory, in the midst of the unrivalled charms of a landscape over which the eye ranges for miles. From the south comes the Saco, flowing in graceful meanderings, its banks fringed with the various trees that adorn the meadows, and loses itself at last towards the north, amidst the hills which range themselves on either side. Northward are the Pequawket Mountains, and westward is Chocorua Peak, the monarch of the Sandwich range,—all together forming a semi-circular group of mountains of surpassing grandeur. Anciently, within this township, scarce six miles in extent, the winding course measured thirty-four miles in length. The frightful freshets

of the river often compelled the inhabitants to retreat with their flocks and herds to the highlands. They have now, by a canal running across the narrowest neck of the land, led the river from its bed, and dried it up for a distance of thirty miles. In early times the Pequawket Indians could float with their canoes, by making the circuit of Lovewell's Pond near the shores, and passing through its outlet into the Saco, for more than 100 miles, all within the township of Fryeburg. The features of this valley are hardly equalled in New England. From an observatory erected by the hand of nature, the eye of the beholder ranges from Lovewell's Pond, on the southeast, eastward over an almost unbroken forest, until the view is bounded by Pleasant Mountain. He sees, almost at a glance, the silver thread of the Saco winding in the distance; the bright waters of the pond, and the plains and the meadows; the clouds resting on the summits of the mountains, or hanging wreathed around their rugged sides, sometimes illumined by the sun's rays like fluid gold, sometimes kindling with the first fires of the morning. Never did nobler mountains fling their broad shadows at sunset over more beautiful plains than those which surround the village of Fryeburg. Nor is it the least interesting of the traveller's reflections, while gazing here, that he treads upon the favorite hunting-grounds of the once formidable Pequawkets."

---

We have the pleasure of presenting to the public, in this local brochure, not only the long-lost oration of Webster, but a newly discovered poem of the late Henry W. Longfellow (which the poet himself long sought for, but in vain), it being the first poem Mr. Longfellow gave to the world with his name attached, nearly sixty years ago. As will be seen, the poem has a local interest, having been written for and sung (to the air of *Bruce's Address*) at the Centennial Celebration of Lovewell's Fight, May 19, 1825. Mr. Longfellow was himself present at the celebration, attending a social levee at Judge Dana's and the ball in the evening at the Oxford House.

#### LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

---

Many a day and wasted year,  
 Bright has left its footsteps here  
 Since was broke the warrior's spear,  
     And our fathers bled;  
 Still the tall trees arching shake,  
 Where the fleet deer by the lake,  
 As he dashed through bush and brake,  
     From the hunter fled.

In these ancient woods so bright,  
 That are full of life and light,  
 Many a dark, mysterious rite  
     The stern warriors kept;  
 But their altars are bereft,  
 Fall'n to earth and strewn and cleft,  
 And to holier faith is left  
     Where their fathers slept.

From their ancient sepulchres,  
 Where, amid the giant firs,  
 Moaning loud the high wind stirs,  
     Have the red men gone.  
 Tow'rd the setting sun that makes  
 Bright our western hills and lakes,  
 Faint and few the remnant takes  
     Its sad journey on.

Where the Indian hamlet stood,  
 In the interminable wood,  
 Battle broke the solitude,  
     And the war-cry rose;  
 Sudden came the straggling shot  
 Where the sun looked on the spot  
 That the trace of war would blot  
     Ere the day's faint close.

Low the smoke of battle hung,  
 Heavy down the lake it swung,  
 Till the death-wail loud was sung,  
     When the night-shades fell;  
 And the green pine, waving dark,  
 Held within its shattered bark  
 Many a lasting scath and mark  
     That a tale could tell.

And the glory of that day  
 Shall not pass from earth away,  
 Nor the blighting of decay  
     Waste our liberty;  
 But, within the river's sweep,  
 Long in peace our vale shall sleep,  
 And free hearts the record keep  
     Of this JUBILEE.

The poet Whittier has visited Fryeburg several times. Last year he spent a portion of the summer here, and, having been invited to write his autograph in a friend's album, he did so, accompanying it with the following lines descriptive of the grand mountains that lie about and overlook our beautiful town:—

O Mountains of the North, unveil  
 Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!  
 And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,  
     Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
 Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave  
     Its golden network in your belting woods;  
 Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,  
 And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
 Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive,  
     Ilaply, the secret of your calm and strength;  
 Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
 My common life; your glorious shapes and hues  
     And sun-clothed splendors at my bidding come,  
 Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy length  
     From the sea-level of my lowland home!

EXTRACT FROM  
 "THE VILLAGE."

The volume containing this poem, with a copious appendix, was written in 1816, by Enoch Lincoln, a resident of Fryeburg and a man of varied talents and genius. The volume is now out of print and very rare. Its author afterwards became a Member of Congress and the third Governor of Maine.

Shallow and deep by turns, and swift and slow,  
 There I behold the winding Saco flow.  
 In early spring, when showers increase its tides,  
 And melted snows pour down the mountains' sides,  
 I've seen it, raging, boisterous, and deep,  
 O'erflow its banks and through the upland sweep.  
 The farmer's hopes, the lumberer's hard-earned thrift,  
 Logs, bridges, booms, and boats were all adrift;  
 Trees, fences, fields, whate'er opposed its course,  
 Were torn and scattered by th' o'erwhelming force.  
 Loosed from the fold to crop the tender feed,  
 The hungry flock were grazing on the mead.  
 Their saving Ararat, a trifling mound,  
 Secured them from the deluge spreading round,  
 Till, taught no more to let the stragglers roam,  
 The careless shepherd bore them to their home;  
 And then, from spouting clouds no longer fed,  
 Our little Nile returned within its bed.

Along its borders, spreading far and wide,  
 The tall, straight pines appear on every side.  
 To these thick woods the hardy laborer goes,  
 And rears his sheltering tent amid the snows,  
 His couch the hemlock's twigs, his household ware  
 A jug and basket filled with simplest fare.  
 Ye who indulge in indolence and ease,  
 Whom spleen invades and moody vapors seize,  
 To whom each day an age of trouble seems,  
 Whose nights are wakeful or disturbed by dreams.  
 Observe the happy quiet of his rest,  
 And learn, like him, by labor to be blessed.  
 Ye bloated epicures, diseases' prey,  
 Who waste in vile excess your lives away,  
 Observe his frugal board, be wise at length,  
 And gain like him, from temperance, health and strength.

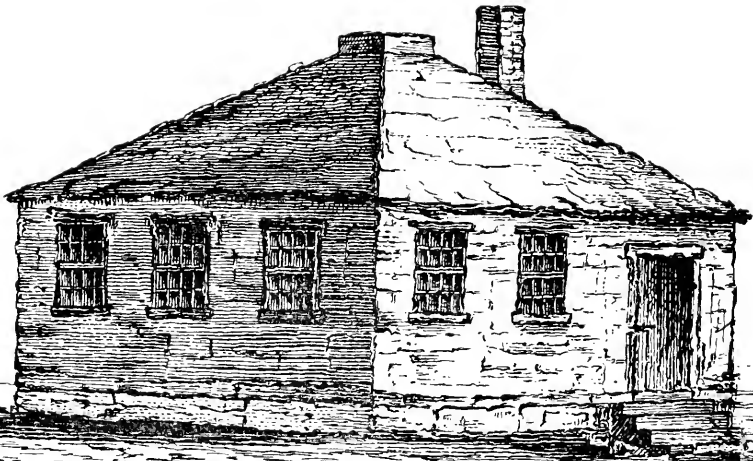
LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

BY PROF. THOS. C. UPHAM.

Ah! where are the soldiers that fought here of yore?  
 The sod is upon them, they'll struggle no more;  
 The hatchet is fallen, the red man is low,  
 But near him reposes the arm of his foe.

The bugle is silent, the war-whoop is dead,  
 There's a murmur of waters and woods in their stead;  
 And the raven and owl chant a syphony drear  
 From the dark waving pines o'er the combatants' bier.





THE OLD FRYEBURG ACADEMY  
IN WHICH WEBSTER TAUGHT

PHOTO-ELECTRO CO. BOSTON

The light of the sun has just sunk in the wave.  
 And a long time ago set the sun of the brave.  
 The waters complain, as they roll o'er the stones,  
 And the rank grass encircles a few scattered bones.

The names of the fallen the traveller leaves  
 Cut out with his knife in the bark of the trees :  
 But little avail his affectionate arts,  
 For the names of the fallen are graved in our hearts.

The voice of the hunter is loud on the breeze.  
 There's a dashing of waters, a rustling of trees ;  
 But the jangling of armor hath all passed away,  
 No gushing of life-blood is here seen to-day.

The eye that was sparkling, no longer is bright,  
 The arm of the mighty, death conquered its might ;  
 The bosoms that once for their country beat high,  
 To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

Sleep, soldiers of merit! sleep, gallant of yore!  
 The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er ;  
 While the fir-tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,  
 The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.

---

Extract from a poem on "MEMORY," by Rev. Samuel Souther, delivered at the Semi-Centennial of Fryeburg Academy, August 17, 1842.

The valley in its unshorn glory spread  
 Far, far beneath them, while the Saco led  
 Its mazy wanderings, onward now, now turning  
 Like some coquettish maiden, archly spurning  
 And then anon encouraging again  
 The awkward suit of some poor, blushing swain.  
 Around, the hills, in the warm sunlight gleaming,  
 Towered high and higher still, their huge flanks seeming  
 An amphitheatre too vast and holy  
 For mortal conclave, Heaven its canopy.  
 Perchance 'twas early autumn, and the leaves  
 Were tinged with dyes no mortal power conceives ;  
 One then might fancy, that, in gorgeous robes,  
 The sylvan gods had made those hillsides their abodes,—  
 One forest all unbroke, save where the sight  
 Fell on Chocorua's crags or Kearsarge height,  
 Or where the silver lakelets gleamed in summer sheen,  
 Or dewy meadows glist'ned in robes of living green.  
 Not few can doubtless well remember when  
 The school first met, though fifty years since then  
 Whiten their locks, upon their cheeks, then glowing  
 With ruddy youth, time's wrinkles thickly strewing.  
 With them let's turn our eyes, and, if we can,  
 Recall appearances when first the school began.  
 Tradition keeps a first-rate glass, and, with your approbation,  
 We through that glass will take one peep, the glass imagination.  
 The humble building stands near yonder hill,  
 Whose pines above, around, the prospect fill ;  
 And can that edifice, so humble, be  
 The starting point of our Academy?

[Then, after speaking of Paul Langdon, who was the first Preceptor, the Poet adds :]

Turn round the glass : another teacher now,  
 Far younger, fills the chair. Ah ! mark that brow,  
 That eagle eye : have you not seen it flash  
 In scenes of later life, when, 'mid the clash  
 Of strong and high debate, it struck his foe  
 With sudden fear? then, indeed, you know  
 That this is WEBSTER, still unknown to fame,  
 In the early dawn of his illustrious name.

### FRYEBURG.

Quid debeat. O Roma, Neronibus  
 Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal  
 Devictus.

No vale with purer peace the spirit fills  
 Than thine, Fryeburg the fair, Fryeburg the free.  
 Dear are thy men and maidens unto me ;  
 Holy the smokeless altars of thy hills ;  
 Sacred thy wide, moist meadows, where the morn  
 Delays for very love ; divinely born  
 Those drooping tresses of thy feathery elms,  
 That lisp of cool delight through dreams of noon ;  
 Gentle thy Saco's tides, that creep and croon,  
 Lapsing and lingering through hushed forest-realms,  
 Which love the song-bird's boon.

But neither vale nor hill nor field nor tree  
 Nor stream nor forest had this day been ours.  
 Nor would sweet English speech in Fryeburg's bowers  
 This night be heard across her lake and lea, —  
 Our seamless flag had been in pieces riven,  
 Nor had we been, beneath its blue, starred heaven,  
 A nation one and indivisible, —  
 Had not two spirits come to range and reign  
 Here over sand-girt Saco's green domain,  
 The one with sword, the other with tongue and quill, —  
 Webster and Chamberlain.

Two crowns of glory clasp thy calm, chaste brow.  
 O ye strong hills, bear witness to my verse,  
 Thou " Maledetto," mountain of the curse, \*  
 Chocorua, blasted by thy chief, and thou  
 Kearsarge, slope-shouldered monarch of this vale,  
 Who gav'st thy conquering name to that swift sail  
 Whjch caught in Gallic seas the rebel bark  
 And downward drove the *Alabama's* pride  
 To deep sea-sleep in Cherbourg's ravening tide,  
 What time faint Commerce watched our nation's ark  
 Sinking with shattered side.

Speak, ye historian pine-woods, where ye stand,  
 And thou bald scalp, like the bald crown of Time, †  
 Lifted above thy sylvan sea sublime,  
 • And ye still shores, reaches of golden sand,

\* Mt. Maledetto, in the Pyrenees, is entirely bare of vegetation, the supposed result of a malediction like that pronounced by Chocorua.

† Equestrian fancy calls the scalp-like rock overhanging the lake, " Jockey Cap."



Linked like a necklace round your Lovell's lake,  
 Speak, for ye saw how, when the morning brake,  
 Brave Chamberlain, and men like Chamberlain,  
 Turned like caged lions, where round them in fell scorn  
 Leaped from their lairs the thousand forest-born,  
 And fought, death-loving, grand in life's disdain,  
 Till eve's first star was born.

Then fell the peerless, fearless, cheerless chief,  
 Paugus, between this water and that wood,  
 Staining the yellow strand with Indian blood,  
 Death-struck by Chamberlain; and straight in grief  
 The Indian vanished, and the English came  
 And laid on this lone mere their Lovell's name,  
 Lovell who led them: thus the northern land  
 From Kearsarge to Katahdin, and the State  
 Named from the Pine, lay open as a gate  
 For Saxon steps to reach St. Lawrence strand,  
 Clear of wild war's debate.

A century, half a hundred years, and seven,  
 Each like a pilgrim from eternity  
 With sandals of soft silence creeping by,  
 Have paced thy streets, and hied them home to Heaven,  
 Sweet Fryeburg, since thy Lovell's battle-day  
 Wove the pine-wreath which welcomes no decay;  
 But grandsire Time, who crowns men with both hands,  
 Giving to him that hath, decreed that thou,  
 Ere seventy years, should bind about thy brow  
 A second wreath, culled from thy meadow-lands  
 And the elm's peaceful bough

Then Judgment rose on swift, storm-shadowed wings, \*  
 And pitying Man, heart-sick with vain desire,  
 Sent the new Gods, mist-robed and crowned with fire,  
 To trace with flame-like hands the doom of kings.  
 Through the drowsed earth, like throb of morning drum,  
 Pealed the fierce shout,—the new Gods' reign is come;  
 And new-risen stars, ablaze round Man's new bride,  
 Came down to sing at Freedom's marriage feast,  
 When through the listening lands of West and East  
 A Daniel rose for judgment on each side  
 Where the Atlantic ceased.

Twenty rich summers glowed along his veins  
 When from New Hampshire's high-born hills a youth  
 Came down a seeker and a sayer of sooth,  
 To stand beneath these elms, and shake the reins  
 That shape the heart of boyhood's fiery prime.  
 They called him DANIEL WEBSTER; and the chime  
 Measured the sliding hours with smooth, slow stroke,  
 While he sat registering the deed, and wrought  
 As though the wide world watched him: swift in thought,  
 But slow in speech; yet once, when once he spoke,  
 Then an archangel taught.

\* In 1800, while the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral were ringing triumphantly over the downfall of the old Irish Parliament, young Daniel O'Connell rose in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, and delivered his maiden speech. In 1802, young Daniel Webster spoke for the first time, and in the spirit of the young Irish agitator's life-long republican and revolutionary principles.

'Twas Magna Charta's morning in July  
 When, in that temple reared of old to Truth,  
 He rose in the bronze bloom of blood bright youth,  
 To speak what he re-spoke when death was nigh. \*  
 Strongly he stood, Olympian-framed with front  
 Like some carved crag where sleeps the lightning's brunt,  
 Black, thunderous brows, and thunderous deep-toned speech,  
 Like Pericles, of whom the people said,  
 That, when he spake, it thundered; round him spread  
 The calm of summer nights when the stars teach  
 In music overhead.

Lift up thy head, behold thy citizen.  
 O Fryeburg! From thy cloistered shades came he,—  
 Who came like many more who come from thee,—  
 To show the cities how the hills make men.  
 Guard long thy unabdicated pastoral throne,  
 God kept within thy God-made mountain-zone,  
 Of Truth, of Love, of Hope, the worshipper;  
 Keep fresh thy double garland and hand down  
 This my last leaf woven in thy Webster's crown,  
 And leave each leprous, loathed, unkenelled cur  
 To bark at his renown.

H. BERNARD CARPENTER.

June 23, 1882.

\* Webster, in his last Speech in the Senate, repeated the peroration of his Fryeburg speech: an example of the law which has led many other supreme artists to work over and enlarge the lines of their life's first efforts.

#### MASS AND MIND.

From crystal Saco's winding marge  
 Of meads fair-fringed with bosky green,  
 Ye rise, Chocorua and Kearsarge,  
 Grim warders of the lovely scene.

Rock-based, rock-built, so broad and deep,  
 Ye well may scorn all fateful force  
 Save that whose cosmic might can sweep  
 The planets from their rolling course.

Thus shall ye stand unmoved through all  
 The sequent years, as those of yore;  
 Till time's last lingering sand shall fall,  
 And end the unimagined score.

Yet, from the hour that score began,  
 Right on and down through every age,  
 What loving deed of good to man  
 Shall grace your annals' noblest page?

Cold, heartless, in your granite mail,  
 No ears to hear, no eyes to see,—  
 What cry of human joy or wail  
 Can pierce your stony apathy?

Suns rise and set, moons wax and wane,  
 Life's flux and reflux come and go;  
 But ye immutable remain  
 Through all their endless ebb and flow.

And, though ye seem to prop the skies,  
 Impressive as your forms may be,  
 Ye do but grimly symbolize  
 Mere passive perpetuity.

Not such the wondrous youth, unspoiled  
 By conscious power of pen and tongue,  
 Who here with patient genius toiled  
 When these majestic elms were young.

Of eagle glance and godlike brow,  
 He moved with such prophetic air  
 That eyes which see beyond the Now  
 Saw then his country's Avatâr.

O Titans, void of heart and mind,  
 Mere senseless bulk of breadth and height,  
 Had not your grandeur been stone blind,  
 Ye must have cowered before his sight!

To him there seemed no dim nor dark,  
 No mysteries in time nor change;  
 The farthest star was ample mark  
 Within his thought's unbounded range.

And myriad suns and spheres combined,  
 With all their blaze of blended light,  
 Compared with that immortal mind  
 Were but as motes that mock the sight.

June, 1882.

W. P. PALMER.

---

### GREETING.

---

O mountains! back to your grand fastnesses,  
 As once our fathers, so we turn to day;  
 Alone unchanged, your mighty brotherhood  
 Watches the generations pass away;  
 Yet, all untroubled, in your purple state,  
 Ye hold your watch toward the sunset-gate!

Still in your loyal arms ye clasp the valley,  
 And hear the song the murmuring Saco sings;  
 Still to the hurtling storms ye bare your helmets,  
 Dashing the hail their scurrying legion flings.  
 Calm in your shadow rest our dear departed;  
 Sleep sweet, O tender, strong, and loyal-hearted!

Yet, while the summer air gives back no token,  
 No whisper from their lips who once walked here,  
 They *live*, immortal! though your crests, O mountains,  
 Topple to chaos, and earth disappear:  
 Beyond the touch of Time's destroying finger,  
 Round these dear scenes their blessed spirits linger!

Ah! could we see them, how this quiet village  
 Were thronged with guests who know and love it well,  
 Treading its shaded streets with noiseless footfall,  
 Passing through doorways where the townfolk dwell.  
 Might we not mark them, earnest eyed and tender.  
 And smile back all the love our hearts would render?

O company of the beloved and the departed,  
 Shades of the great, who once looked forth, as we,  
 Upon the majesty of cloud and mountain,  
 And the fair river gliding to the sea!  
 Faint though the type, doth not the vision stand,  
 Earnest of glory in our Fatherland?

Hasten, O day of glorious, blest reunion!  
 And, till thou dawn, oh! be it ours to make  
 Our daily, common living full and gracious  
 With highest service done for His dear sake:  
 So shall we, walking in the Master's spirit,  
 Share in His love, which "all things" doth "inherit."

REBECCA PERLEY REED.

May, 1882.

---

TRIBUTE

TO FRYEBURG AND WEBSTER.

---

In threefold sort hath Heaven its bounty poured  
 On thee, Dame Fryeburg, sitting 'mid thy hills;  
 For thou hast beauty such as stirs and thrills  
 The heart of Nature's lover; thou hast hoard  
 Of frugal competence and plenty stored  
 Within thy barns and fields; and, still the best,  
 As e'er by mothers' souls must be confessed,  
 Brave sons, fair daughters, round thine ample board.  
 But some have left thy hearthstone, far to roam;  
 And some lie in thy church-yards, near at hand,  
 Here where thou smiledst on their infancy;  
 And some there be who left thy rural home,  
 And fell in battle for their native land—  
 Their graves known unto God, but not to thee!

Not thine the glitter of metropolis,  
 Which oft th' unwary lureth unto death;  
 Not thine the lordly city's fevered breath,  
 In clutching after gold; and thou didst miss  
 Of that, thine elder German cousin's bliss,  
 To bear a son who named a continent.\*  
 Thy matron modesty rests well content  
 With claims less brilliant for our homage-kiss,  
 With less pretentious titles to our love.  
 Thy simple duty, not the praise of men,  
 Before thine own and children's eyes was set;

\* It is stated by historians, with more or less qualification of late, that a geographer of Freiburg, Germany, first—in 1507—designated the New World on his map as "Americi Terra," whence "America."

Not half this world, but all of that above,  
Thine offspring thou didst ever urge to win,  
Where planets are but dust, which we forget!

One glory else thou hast. Here WEBSTER came  
Among thy shady lanes, and here he taught;  
To thee first service of his manhood brought,  
Ere wider fields his giant strength did claim.  
His noble life adds lustre to thy name,  
As snow on Kearsarge heights, borne from afar,  
Adds splendor to that crest, or as yon star  
Lends grace to earth, its orbit not the same.  
Yet, as that white-capt mount in but degree,  
And not in kind, is worthier than those hills  
Set thick about; and, even as that sun  
Is one of myriads in immensity,  
All equal in His sight who shapes and wills;  
So each of lesser men God counts as one.

JOHN S. COLBY.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1882.

---

 WEBSTER.

Long years upon this valley fair  
Have added dust to dust  
Since WEBSTER breathed its mountain air,—  
A youth high-browed and just.

Oftimes along the Saco's stream  
He, musing, loved to stray,  
And mark the daylight's westering beam,  
The hills slow fade away.

What mystic spell, O circling hills,  
O groves of needled pine,  
O river glad with laughing rills,  
Fell on his speech divine,

That, on the battlefields of life,  
Where men brave, gifted, great,  
Met in the front ranks of the strife,  
His words rang out as fate!

Before that noble, kingly soul  
A nation bows in pride,  
And years will hallow, as they roll,  
The day that WEBSTER died.

And History, with her iron pen,  
Will write, with solemn care,  
As mightiest of our mighty men,  
The name of WEBSTER there!

Fryeburg, May 31, 1882.

E. S. OSGOOD.

## LOVEWELL'S POND.

"More deeply dyed with tradition than any other body of water in New England."—  
*Thos. Starr King.*

Sunbeams brightly shed their lustre  
 O'er thy water's clear expanse,  
 Holding every passing cloudlet  
 In a loving, magic trance.  
 Pine trees softly chant a requiem  
 O'er this old, historic ground;  
 Wild flowers, with their perfumed petals,  
 Mantle many a moss-grown mound.

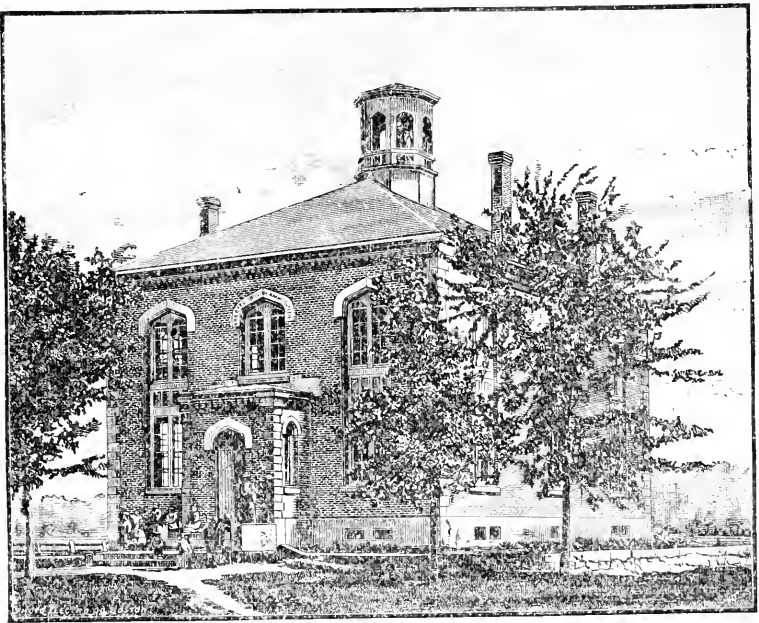
Here, beside this gem of waters,  
 Raged the fiercest, deadliest strife  
 That was ever stirred by war-whoop  
 Or the tones of drum or fife.  
 Close beside yon leafy covert—  
 Hark! the sound of one loud gun;  
 Ah! the ranger's aim was deadly,  
 Paugus' battles all are done.

Crimsoned once thou wast by life-blood,  
 Marred by war's grim, ghastly fray;  
 Now thy waves are clear as crystal,  
 Every stain is "washed away."  
 And those grand old mountain turrets,  
 Darkly outlined 'gainst the sky,  
 Seem like mighty, massive towers  
 Keeping "watch and ward" on high.

Lightnings flash and dart about them,  
 Thunders mutter long and deep,  
 Till we almost fancy giants  
 Round their crags play hide and seek.  
 But their walls are firmly builded,  
 From granite base to storm-scarred dome,  
 And they seem, in strength and beauty,  
 Fitting stairways to God's throne.

Yellow-sanded, rich-hued Saco  
 Ripples soft through maple shade,  
 Stately elm-trees gothic arches  
 Make o'er emerald glen and glade.  
 Many are the lovely hamlets  
 Bordered wide by hill and farm,  
 Yet to Fryeburg's sweet seclusion  
 Rightfully belongs the palm.

Here was once the HOME OF WEBSTER,  
 One whose gigantic mind and mold  
 Seemed a storehouse vast of knowledge  
 Of greater worth than finest gold;  
 And this old brick ball of learning  
 Immortal is from many a name  
 That has left, to all, incentives  
 Upward, on, to worth and fame.



FRYEBURG ACADEMY.





Here, amidst these scenes of beauty,  
 Whittier's soul-inspiring lay  
 Must renew its old-time music,  
 With the "White Hills" far away,  
 Draped in robes of sheeny whiteness  
 Blending with such heavenly blue  
 That it seems celestial radiance  
 Through each cloud-rift bursts in view.

I must now, of lake and mountain,  
 Take a last and loving look,—  
 Bald, gray Jockey Cap majestic,  
 Every rippling, babbling brook.  
 All ye memories, dear and precious,  
 In my heart will ever lie  
 Entwined in wreaths of "everlasting"  
 That can never fade or die.

June, 1882.

A. ZILPHA PLUMMER.



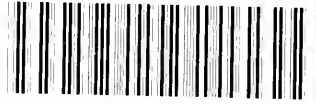
279  
L. C.  
1932  
39







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 983 694 7